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The COMMONWEAL

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Ability to Produce

NOW that the Truman Doctrine has given way to the Marshall Plan there is greater hope of revival in Britain and the Continent. The development of a coordinated, over-all program based on Europe's needs and the resources available here and in other countries is much to be preferred to the improvised extensions of American gifts and credits now reported amounting to a billion dollars a month. The fact that Secretary Marshall has put it up to the various European nations to work out and present a coordinated schedule aimed at restoring productivity—with Russia given a chance to participate in the operation—is particularly encouraging. And it comes at one of the darkest hours since the end of the war: economic conditions among the peoples of Europe have never been more desperate.

It is too much to assume that Americans universally support the idea of a European rehabilitation planned by the needy peoples themselves and backed by the financing of the United States. Murmurs in Congress are not personal reactions so much as reflections of a lot of home sentiment. And it is among these new or unregenerate "isolationists" that Mr. Hoover's latest warning may take hold.

How great is the danger that the United States shall exhaust her power to produce? It is not possible to make a single, unequivocal answer. When it comes to certain natural resources such as iron and oil, there can be no doubt as to the danger. When it is a question of exporting gold so that various nations can buy from other countries what they most need in order to become again productive, it would seem that, despite Mr. Hoover's fears on that score, there is nothing to worry about. For where is our advantage in the United States's holding nine-tenths of the world's gold supply? And so the argument would run item by item—as indeed the whole plan should be worked out.

There remains the general consideration of America's capacity to produce. When the chips were down we astounded the world—and with nearly one-quarter of the nation's farmers and industrial workers taken from production into the armed forces and in turn needing to be housed and fed. Consistent work for long hours by those who stayed behind could not make up for the absence from the nation's working force of thirteen million men, not to mention the new demands on the productive process which the armed forces and the Allies created. Therefore demobilization has made possible a substantial increase of production over the peak we achieved during the war.

Unhappily the only time the American economy of the past two decades has provided full utilization of plant, plenty of jobs, nationwide prosperity, is when its products were made chiefly for the purpose of being expended. In wartime it is economically as if we dumped much of our vast production into the ocean; in this postwar period of possible reconstruction there is a likelihood that what we are making for export on a considerably lower scale may, if efficiently allocated, bring a genuine economic return. In other words, the gifts which we inject into the economies of Europe in line with coordinated requests should eventually bring back to American shores all sorts of usable commodities and at the same time provide revived markets for our own surplus goods.

In the meantime, even the irregular exports which are now going forward from these shores have succeeded in absorbing American surpluses which would otherwise have depressed American business. As Mr. Truman has pointed out in his veto of the Tax Bill, unemployment has recently dwindled to a peace-time minimum—and this is obviously because of continuing demand in Europe, South America and other continents. This more than offsets the adverse effects of infla-

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tionary tendencies, which have had fuller play since OPA was suspended.

From the immediate viewpoint, therefore, producing for European reconstruction is a factor favorable to American prosperity. The successful completion of the Marshall Plan is essential if that vital prosperity is to last. And however much we must be chary of depleting certain strategic materials, exports in general on the peacetime scale contemplated are in no sense to be feared as a strain on our capacity to produce.

Western Europe is a Belgium

MR. BEVIN has gone to Paris to discuss with M. Bidault Secretary Marshall's plan under which Europe (a certain number of countries of Europe) will present us with a reasoned statement of what Europe, considered as a unit, needs in order not to go to pieces, and under which America then will attempt to supply the necessary. But before Mr. Bevin went to Paris the British consulted Russia, and before M. Bidault agreed to talk with Mr. Bevin the French consulted Russia. The French and the British asked Russia to join with them in preparing the European statement of needs which is to be sent to America. Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault are enthusiastic about the Marshall Plan, so is the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Sforza. They wish, no doubt, that they represented Europe; they wish that France, Britain, Italy, plus a few smaller countries could agree as to what is needed from America, and then say: Europe needs this and that; Europe will be saved if it gets this and that. But they know that what they represent is a certain portion of Western Europe only, and that this Europe, severed from Germany, severed from Austria, severed from those countries of Europe which are dominated and directed by Russia, is not a complete Europe, cannot usurp the name of Europe, and has become the equivalent of a pre-war Belgium.

Before both the last wars Belgium was exposed to the peril of German invasion. The French kept telling the Belgians that they would be safe if they came to an agreement with France —because, if the Germans started invading them, the French could not possibly come to the rescue if such an agreement did not exist. The French said you must have all the roads ready for us, and the gun emplacements; then we can hop quickly across your country to the German frontier and hold the Germans inside Germany so that they will not come inside Belgium. But the Belgians said, if we make any such agreement, the Germans will be angry with us, and beside that, whether you know it or not (in both wars the French, apparently, did not know it) the Germans will come through Belgium to attack you because that is the easiest way for a German army to travel to France. The Belgians said if there is a war we are the battlefield, the first battlefield; if there is a war we are lost.

That is the way the Belgians thought at a time when the two great powers of Europe were Germany and France. That is the way all Western Europe, which is a Belgium now, is thinking at a time when the two great powers are Russia and the United States.

That makes a great difference in what Europeans feel about accepting American assistance. They need desperately that assistance, they desire it, they cannot do without it; but, preventing its immediate and happy acceptance, there is this frightful knowledge that they dare not act in any way that might make it look as if they were taking sides. Like the pre-war Belgians they know that they are in the path of war. All they can do is to hope that Russia and the United States will not go to war because they have this frightful knowledge that if there is a war they are lost.

That is why Western Europe is half-hearted about the Truman Doctrine, about any doctrine that seems to admit a probable conflict between America and Russia. In America we keep saying that we want to save the democratic civilization of Western Europe, but the peoples that make up Western democratic civilization say that the only way we can save them is by saving them from war.

The French communists keep saying this over and over again, but the fact that they say it does not make it untrue. If it seems desirable (because of our habitual and reasonable distrust of communists) to hear someone else say it, this week it is proclaimed from an entirely different source—one not contaminated by communism. A dispatch to the New York *Times* states that *l'Osservatore Romano,* in a leading editorial by Count de la Torre, urged "Russia and the United States to set aside their ideological differences and seek a political understanding as a means to achieve peace. . . . The struggle between the Western powers and Russia is not for the triumph of one of the two contrasting ideologies, democracy and communism; it is for practical reasons . . . war is not fatal; it never was; it is fatal if peace is thought to be impossible."

For "practical reasons," for the practical reason that it hopes that what is left of Europe will not be atom-bombed out of existence, the Vatican newspaper joins the plea now made by all Europeans.

Henry Wallace

THIS MAGAZINE has lately received a number of letters from people who would like to know why we have been so unenthusiastic, editorially, about the current Henry Wallace. It is a tempting question to answer. Mr. Wallace's

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1947 trajectory through international politics has been attended by so much obvious buzz and splutter that only his most constant friends have been able to disregard the rich, comic tinge to his passage. Other, less devoted spectators have not been so thoughtful and have pointed out that, if one looks closely, it is easy to make out the figure of Groucho Marx moving around behind Mr. Wallace's monologue. THE COMMONWEAL has not always been able to resist the temptation to look closely, but we feel, nevertheless, that Mr. Wallace cannot be laughed away, and that his reason for being is based on something more important and enduring than mere public confusion. We also feel that he is mistaken.

There may be other, more elusive reasons for it, but the attraction of Henry Wallace seems mainly to depend on three things: what he talks about most; the way he talks about it; and the tradition which he claims to represent. Mr. Wallace usually presents himself to his audience as a man who has come to talk to them about peace, while others bring only a message of war. Unfortunately, nobody can take that distinction away from him; it is a fact that Henry Wallace uses the word "peace" on more occasions than do any of his opponents. He realizes, perhaps better than anyone else, that, as far as the people who would be summoned to do the fighting are concerned, the bomb at Hiroshima, finally and forever, blasted the bugle call out of the notion of war. The secret human hunger for war is really gone, and because Henry Wallace constantly assures the people that he sees it that way too, he has become their man. There is surely nothing wrong with that—as far as it goes. Henry Wallace wins on emotion. But he and his friends are in for a day of unhappy accounting if they think that war can be wished out of existence by an international refusal to use the term. It is too bad, but we are all stuck in an adult world. Henry Wallace's call for peace does return the kind of echo people want to hear, but it also keeps them forever young and criminally naive. The doctor who tells the patient that he is looking well and should live to a fine old age is always a more welcome visitor than the one who warns the patient about those spots before his eyes. But it is also true that the second doctor is thinking more profitably about remedies.

Mr. Wallace's talk about peace does not lead to anything very real, but it certainly sounds fine as it moves along. When other people talk about peace, they keep it clean. Mr. Wallace, in addition to his much more frequent use of the term, manages to bundle the word in with two other favorites of his: abundance, and the common man. The result is irresistible: every decent man is in favor of all three. But Mr. Wallace's only service in this matter has been to remind people, without let-up, of what they want—peace, a world in which is there more of everything for everybody, and a world in which everyone short of a prime minister will be enabled to have a better time. And the whole compound—peace, abundance, and the common man—becomes more attractive than ever when Mr. Wallace insists (and he does this frequently) that he is the only direct, legitimate descendant of Franklin Roosevelt.

Those are the reasons for Mr. Wallace's success; they are the facts which endear him to the citizens of an unsteady world. But the important question is whether the people who want all the things Mr. Wallace talks about are putting their money on the right horse? Is Henry Wallace, or are Henry Wallace's notions most likely to guide us all to a good end? In our opinion, Henry Wallace, whether he is in power or out of power, is not the man who knows best how to get us where we want to go.

Today, knowing how, means knowing how about foreign policy. And that, in turn, means knowing how to behave in a world inhabited by the Soviet Union. To Mr. Wallace, there is no behavior problem. As he sees it, the Soviet Union is merely one more unit of people and territory, a little larger than most perhaps, and at times a bit more unruly, but essentially—just one more member of the world family. It is this genial myopia of Mr. Wallace's which brings all his talk about peace, abundance, and the Roosevelt tradition to utter nothing. Unfortunately, the leaders of the Soviet Union just do not happen to be Iowa farmers, and peace is not to be maintained by "sitting down and talking things over," as that expression is understood in Mid-West America. For the purpose of clear effective action at this moment in world affairs one must recognize that the Soviet Union is an unrelenting police state. Mr. Wallace, like everybody else, has participated in the recent expensive course on how to tell a police state when you meet one. But judging by his estimate of the Stalinists, he got very little out of the course.

Mr. Wallace's insistence that either we get chummy with the Soviets or we go down is towering nonsense. The fact that what we took to be only a neighbor's dog has turned out to be a lion is no reason for hysteria. The first step is to cage the lion, instead of maintaining the pretense that it is still a dog. That is one of the functions of the Truman Doctrine, a remedy which Mr. Wallace would discount—to the peril of the common man's abundant world. In time, the lion's muscle may go soft, he may even lose his teeth. But until that happens, it would be silly to follow Mr. Wallace's suggestions, which amount to an invitation to have our picture taken with our head in the lion's mouth. Mr. Wallace's misunderstanding of the jungle makes him useless as a guide, in spite of his special ability at sounding the peace call.

JOHN BRODERICK.

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The Elect and Unwelcomed

C. G. Paulding

IN ANNECY, in France, in the days before the first war, the Catholic ladies of the upper classes went into mourning at the age of thirty for someone or other, dressed in black until they died, and then their daughters went into mourning, and so at Mass the church was always filled with ladies in black veils. Once a week the soldiers of the garrison paraded in the evening carrying torches through the streets; they played a march commemorating the aborigines of the region who had fought against Julius Caesar, and also "Partant pour la Syrie" because, as everyone knew, the Republic had nothing to do with the French Empire. In Annecy there was the convent of the Visitation which had been founded by Saint Jeanne de Chantal, the friend of François de Sales; there was also, at the end of the main street as you came to the lake, a statue, put up by the masons and the republicans, to Eugene Sue. To the Catholics of Annecy who were providing my early education it was as simple as that: on the one hand there was Saint Louis, King of France, the long and glorious line of French saints, the cathedrals, abbeys and convents; on the other hand there was Eugene Sue, a subproduct of Emile Zola who was interested almost entirely in excremental odors, and there was the Republic, interested mainly in closing convents, expelling monks, emptying the cathedrals.

The Republic, I was told, had been brought into existence by the monsters of the Revolution against the will of the "real France." The Revolution had led France into the "stupid nineteenth century" which had sprung from the abominable eighteenth century of Rousseau, Voltaire and the encyclopedists. The eighteenth had been made possible because Protestantism in the seventeenth had split France in two; the seventeenth, because, in the sixteenth, Rabelais has been irreverent and coarse. This process of following the thread of disorder and evil, as in a labyrinth, then stopped short; no attempt was made to explain why all this horror should have sprung so unnaturally, yet directly, from the great centuries of the Faith during which the Church had that full control of education which ever since it has sought to regain.

Péguy was living then and writing, Bloy was living and writing; neither of them was ever mentioned. What is more curious is the fact that the Catholic writers of the past were very little talked about. Pascal was difficult and dangerous, Bossuet, that immense and neglected mind, existed mainly because of his funeral orations over royalty and his connection with the revered monarchical past; the great Catholics of the past who possessed living interest for the Catholics of Annecy were Bonald and Joseph de Maistre, because no one has ever written more brilliantly against the revolution; all the subject matter of Bremond's great history of French spiritual writing was as if it did not exist.

★

As for contemporaries, a man who did not even pretend to be a Catholic took first place in their minds—Charles Maurras. Years later, in Paris, when I sat in a room in the Faubourg St. Germain and listened to this stone-deaf old man nothing had changed; I was invited by two extremely Catholic and pious ladies to meet the man "who still might save the Church and France"—assisted by his friend Léon Daudet.

Maurras did not speak about any Catholic writers; he spoke about the nineteenth century non-Catholic writers. Maurras said don't read them, any of them, don't bother to read them; they are all of them Republicans and stupid; read what Daudet says about them. He has a dirty nickname for each, he even tells how each one of them smells and who is syphilitic; read his *"Hérédo"*—syphilis as the source of genius. But even with Daudet be careful because he loves good writing, he has an objectionable fervor for the work of art which sometimes leads him to forget the party line. Daudet supports Proust.

Maritain was living in Meudon then, outside Paris where there were trees and from the garden you looked down on the Seine—writing and teaching; the young artists, the young philosophers from the schools came out to Meudon to see him. . . . the two ladies sat in their tapestried room and served madeleines (Proust's), while the deaf old man poured out his hatred and contempt.

What is called the Catholic literary renaissance was in full swing. But it was only by accident that an American in France could find out anything about it. It was only by accident that a Frenchman in France could find out anything about it. The mass of French Catholics ignored it and still ignore it. The men who were and are making it were and are alone, isolated in a little world of their own. Bloy was alone in his poverty, Péguy, in his shop at the gates of the university,

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was alone with his little group of socialists—almost like a Trotskyite. Ernest Hello was so alone that no one read him. But it is not a question of whether or not these lonely Catholics were read; it is only that they felt themselves to be alone, neglected, deserted by their fellow Catholics, and said so again and again. Bloy said nothing else but that he was alone in the century, alone with the Bible and with justice, alone with the Jews and their providential destiny, speaking only to Christopher Columbus or Napoleon.

Under the circumstances, with the Catholic press, with Catholic critics, with the Catholic bourgeoisie busy with anything and everything except with the men of the Catholic renaissance (upon which they now are making their living) there could not be any such thing as a Catholic literary revival in the sense of a mass movement. What happens is that, from time to time, a few more Catholics than usual start reading authors they have long neglected or disliked. Then they boast about their discovery, often for political reasons and, because they are divided in their political opinions, they use the same rediscovered genius to further completely conflicting aims. That is what they did to Péguy. The man who was a socialist, who fought for Dreyfus (Catholics at the time said he fought against the army and the nation) and who died in combat against the Germans, was Vichy's idol and that of the Resistance—at the same time.

It remains true, no matter what inflated talk there is about a French Catholic renaissance and no matter how pumped up it is for political purposes ("we have always been more radical than the communists; read Saint John Chrysostom about the rich") that there is a disparity, spiritual and literary, between people like Paul Bourget, René Bazin—with the rest of the dismal and utilitarian list of popular writers enjoyed by Catholics—and men like Péguy and Bloy, which justifies the use of the word renaissance or of any other word strong enough to mark the difference. A great change indeed has taken place. What is the nature of this change?

★

French Catholics had always known that the great writing of the nineteenth century had been done by people who were not Catholics and who disliked Catholicism. They had spent their time trying to destroy these men. They had not spent their time trying to find out why these men and their books were so obviously important, why their influence had spread all over France, and why any historian of literature will always speak of them rather than of the Catholics who attacked them. There were these works in every field—poetry, the novel, history, philosophy—which stood out as the great works of the French nineteenth century and of the first part of the twentieth. The French Catholics interminably attacked them, or tried to forget and to persuade others to forget that they existed; or they nibbled at the edge of the century's achievement, standing round at death beds to claim for literary Catholicism men like Baudelaire and Rimbaud who had spent their lives saying no.

French Catholics had always known that, outside a definable and limited circle, the French people—most workmen and most peasants and most intellectuals—had accepted the Revolution and the Republic and had never accepted the Second Empire, or the Restoration. They had always known that the ideas of freedom and equality of opportunity — which mean under French historical circumstance free state education and the secular schools—were in France to stay. They had allowed the Catholic schools to remain schools for the upper and middle classes; they had spent their time trying to destroy the Republic.

★

The Republic and the achievement of the non-Catholic writers were not destroyed; the great change which came about in the minds of a certain number of French Catholics and which gave new life to Catholic thinking was this: they found out that the failure, on the intellectual and artistic plane, of contemporary French Catholicism was not due to the attacks made on Catholicism by Voltaire, Zola or Anatole France, but to the fact that French Catholics had not read Voltaire or Zola or Anatole France with any serious attempt to find out why they wrote as they did. On the political plane they discovered that the Republic's anti-Catholicism was made inevitable by Catholics obstinately refusing to show any real interest in seeking the new techniques of economic and social freedom without which the people of France felt and were enslaved. The Catholics found out that whenever one of them during the course of the century had made an effort in this direction, he had not been supported by Catholics, he had been rejected by Catholics, and that this was the reason why it was non-Catholic social thinking, that of Proudhon and the others, which was taken seriously while Catholic social thinking was not.

The great change came when a certain number of Catholics began to look directly at the subject matter, the realities of the life and art of modern times, rather than allow themselves to be diverted any longer by their perpetual criticism of the way non-Catholics had been looking at them.

That is, of course, the reason why non-Catholic Frenchmen started paying attention to these Catholics. When they found that Péguy was as

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serious as Zola about defending Dreyfus, as serious as any man living in his socialist convictions and in his solidarity with the workers, as serious as any freethinker (as any Catholic) in respecting his wife's refusal to become a Catholic, as serious in his devotion to Our Lady of Chartres as any of the kneeling figures on the sculptured portals of the cathedral—they found reasons to respect a Catholic. (He composed his *Cahiers de la Quinzaine,* he set his own type by hand, he worked the press—the socialist workmen in the presses of the Left Bank found reasons to respect him as a workman.) Léon Bloy was another man who was totally engaged in his work, the work of justice. He wasted an immense amount of time in his attacks on minor and forgotten personages in the literary world of his day, but he did so out of a sense of outraged justice, and, of the few people who knew him, a handful loved him, others hated him—his landlords must have thought him insane, just as he thought them possessed—but no one said he was having fun with his Catholicism. When Mauriac writes novels that are not tricked out with edifying conclusions, non-Catholic Frenchmen read his books and respect him because he respects his work and his own temperament.

★

But when you put them together, adding any others you care to add, Bernanos, Claudel, Francis Jammes, there are too few of them. Even if you go back and scrape the century to find a few more—but they are mostly forgotten, like Huysmans, or they are men like Barrès who was not really a Catholic writer (there is Verlaine if you like)—there are still too few of them. There are too few of them to count for very much.

They are all we have in France, they are more than we have anywhere else, they have done extraordinary things for a few people, their influence is extraordinarily greater than their numbers; it is active, perhaps growing, in France and outside France; it is an immense help to us in America, freeing many talents, directing many intelligences—yet it is hardly a renaissance, and we had better leave that word to the Italian and other large movements. If we are honest, we take the Catholic names and then, at random, names from the other list, that of non-Catholic nineteenth century French writers: Hugo, Flaubert, Zola, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Gide, Proust, Valéry. These lists do not balance; there is no argument at all; they just do not balance. And even in this pitiful aftermath of the war, with the French uncertain and close enough to despair, it is Sartre and Camus who are writing the books and the Catholics once again are in the rôle of critics.

You can say that one cry of love from Péguy, one image of Chartres like a great ship rising on the horizon of the plain of the Beauce, one cry of agony from Bloy, "the only sadness is that we are not Saints," weigh more, have a greater spiritual density than all of the non-Catholic work of the century put together. But then you can say, and it will be true also, that one prayer, one pure act of love, one accepted grief (because of man's interdependence outside all time and because of the doctrine of reversibility) serve mankind's salvation better than all the books, Catholic or not Catholic, that have ever been written. But we are discussing the Catholic claim to importance in contemporary literature and on that plane the lists do not balance.

★

I had no great luck with my education. The people in Annecy would walk me past the statue of Eugene Sue (there was an inkwell adorning it, I think) and that would turn the conversation to literature. They yet had to wait a short while, not being prophetic, before they could explain that Proust meant nothing, but as for the names already filling out the list which illustrates the nineteenth century, they said they were important, their evil influence had its importance, for the sole reason that the atheist school teachers taught everyone that they were important—actually, all of them were profoundly stupid: Catulle Mendès had an intolerably bad breath, Zola's death prefigured hell, they were no better than Presidents of the Republic or cabinet ministers, dying in water closets in a railroad station or after the manner of Felix Faure. But the stupidity theme was stronger than Daudet's scatological one and, anachronistically, the Annecy people preferred to think that all the great writers were simpletons—who fell out of trains, like President Deschanel.

Not one of the French Catholic writers or critics whom we now respect would talk like that today. That also is the great change.

It was not only by the French Catholics that I was advised not to read the important people of the century, that an attempt was made to deprive me of the texts necessary for an understanding of the world we live in. I received a letter from Hilaire Belloc, whom I admired and admire for his sonnets, a letter which I treasured and for which, later, I was never able to forgive him. In it, he rattled off the names of Marx, Hegel, Kant, Spinoza, together with those of a dozen more German writers and philosophers, including, I think, Goethe, and advised me not to bother my head about any of them. To each name he added a single adjective, muddlehead, imbecile, bore, etc.; his mind, unlike Léon Daudet's, was clean, his adjectives bluff and hearty, but the arrogant system was the same: do not read them, I

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will give you all the necessary answers, and brightly too. Perhaps if I had not been traveling abroad I might have had a different and better early education.

★

Of course, all this is not just about France: it is not just a question as to whether or not there are good French Catholic writers or, if they exist, whether they constitute a renaissance, a revival or a side show; it is that Catholics, everywhere, in all nations, have been now for a hundred and fifty years (ever since the French Revolution) in a modern world—floundering about, accusing this or that century, blaming Calvin or Luther, Voltaire or Rousseau, or all of them together, of having brought about the ruin that surrounds us. And now it is the communists whom we accuse, but of course they too come directly from Rousseau.

Thus we have succumbed to a belief in a spiritual determinism, a counterpart of economic determinism. We admit a law of the filiation of evil; diligently we trace evil back from generation to generation, and then it all pours down again upon us, down through the centuries, on into the future, and we stand there, helplessly, watching it rattle like coal down the chute. What can we do, we say? There was that friend of Madame de Warens, and with one book he ruined society forever and ever. . . .

For a hundred and fifty years—I am speaking of the intellectual, political and artistic action of Catholics, not of their spiritual life—we have been constantly on the defensive in this modern secular world; we did not create trade unions (we talked all the time about the Guilds of the thirteenth century), we did not write great novels (we talked about Dante), we opposed the liberation of peoples because theoretically they could only be free in a world which had ceased to exist—and when the democracies, in France, in Italy, arose against our will, we sulked and did not lead them. Catholics cannot have this retreat from the world, and preeminence in the world—not at the same time.

We have been absent because we have not looked at the problems with which the world presents us, we have been looking exclusively at what other people have done about them. We have been busy writing about what these other people have written—like professors, busy writing commentaries, like school teachers busy correcting papers, assigning marks. But French writers now, the first of Catholic writers to do so, are looking directly at the problems, at the central problems of justice and truth; French Catholics are writing directly about them, seeing them all for themselves, unassisted, without waiting for someone else to tell them they are there. They act on their own, they are unassisted—except by the existence of the inexhaustible reserves of French spiritual life created throughout the centuries, throughout all the centuries including the "stupid" nineteenth, upon which they, and all of us may draw. That is what they are doing; that is the whole meaning of the French Catholic literary whatever-you-call-it.

Labor and Housing

James McCawley

THERE IS more than one legitimate angle from which to approach the deplorable lack of decent housing facilities characteristic of most sections of this country. Some weeks back we published an article on the obstructions to sorely needed low-cost public housing on the part of the real estate lobby in Washington. That is one of the big reasons why so many Americans will be poorly housed for several years. The other chief obstacles are: shortages and high prices of materials, get-rich-quick contractors, and finally, sharply reduced productivity on the part of the building trades—which is the subject of this article. In other words, the comment which follows does not attempt to analyze the whole problem, but rather to point to one of the main weaknesses which must be remedied if the American family is to have a decent place in which to live.—THE EDITORS.

WILSON WYATT'S dream of two and a half-million homes in the first two years after the war was shattered as much by high labor costs as by scarcity of materials. Wages of course had gone up, but as some of the AFL building trades leaders pointed out, the advance in wage rates had relatively little significance in total building costs. But what they failed to point out was that productivity of the average building trade worker had dropped as much as 40 percent since 1940.

In a discussion of labor productivity in the building trades, jurisdictional disputes and labor union restrictions are prime favorites to bolster charges of low productivity, and such charges are as true today as they were in 1940, but they don't explain the reduction in labor efficiency in the last nine years. If we discount such artificial barriers to full production, it is still true that the produc-

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tivity of building labor has dropped to an alarming extent.

The 1947 convention of the National Association of Home Builders featured speeches by organization members and consumer groups, condemning "over and beyond all other factors, the slowing down of labor." In a resolution passed at the close of the convention it was charged that "the wilful lack of productivity characteristic in construction today stands as a black eye to organized labor. It cannot be permitted to continue. . . . We call upon Labor to cooperate to maintain steady output in order that the benefits of steady employment may be achieved."

General contractors reported recently to the F. W. Dodge Corporation, distributors of the Dodge Construction Reports, and publishers of the *American Architect,* that "productivity was lowered by labor inefficiency, by irregular flow of materials and by an inadequate supply of skilled workers." The greatest contributing factor to present high building costs, the contractors reported, were the low productivity of building mechanics, the low level of skill of some craftsmen, and the failure of workers to do a day's work for a day's pay.

In a survey conducted by the New York *Times,* it concluded: "Featherbedding is the exact opposite of the speed-up system. It is the slowdown system. If a bricklayer can normally lay 1,000 bricks a day and is limited to 500, that is featherbedding. At first this was a revolt against unfair employers. In periods of depression it provided a means of spreading the work available to more idle workers. But as the system petrified into innumerable outworn rules, it became in many respects fantastic, needlessly reducing productivity and holding back technical progress. . . . One of the chief obstacles to full production by American industry is featherbedding, the practice by which labor limits its own output."

Armstrong Associates of New York, appraisers and brokers, cited reports that "lathers are not offering to return to a pre-war level of laying fifty-five bundles a day against about thirty-three bundles now, and bricklayers in many cities are laying only 400 to 500 bricks daily as compared with 800 to 1,000 before the war."

One New York contractor estimated that New York building labor efficiency was down 30 to 50 percent from pre-war levels. He related that on a large apartment project in Manhattan the builders temporarily laid off a large number of bricklayers when their output dropped below 300 bricks a day, and that when work was resumed production went up to 600 bricks a day.

"Low productivity of labor, an ailment plaguing all American industry since V-J Day, has a substantial effect on costs of small homes built for sale," it was pointed out by O. J. Hartwig, Executive Secretary of the Long Island, N. Y., Home Builders' Institute. "Until construction labor gives us a full day's work for a full day's pay, all discussions of wage increases are colored by low productivity, multiplying wage increases with consequent excessive costs and higher sales prices."

Hartwig charged that when a builder insisted upon higher production from a mechanic, the latter's attitude was "If you don't like my work, just pay me off." Since he is quickly placed on another construction job, his low productivity and his attitude towards it, receives an implied, if not an expressed stamp of approval from the union agent.

According to Hartwig, a few union business agents have taken a firm position with the men, insisting upon adequate production, only to be ousted from their union jobs, at subsequent elections in favor of a more belligerent business agent.

Chief target of criticism for low productivity is the bricklayer. There appears to be general agreement that the prewar bricklayer's day's work averaged 1,000 bricks laid in an eight-hour day, and since this represents approximately two bricks per minute, it does not seem an overly arduous rate of work. Boston building contractors claim that the present production rate of bricklayers is 500 bricks per day, similar to New York, but 100 more than the Chicago rate. A Dallas, Texas, builder complained "It takes two men now to do as much as one did in 1939. Masons who used to lay 700 to 800 bricks per day are down to 300 to 500."

★

Hartwig of the Long Island, N. Y., builders recently made an interesting analysis. "Before the war bricklayers used to lay 1,000 bricks a day on small house construction. At a daily wage of $8.00 (the pre-war rate), this meant a bricklayer cost of 8/10ths of a cent per brick, or on a typical house using 9,000 bricks, a bricklayer labor cost of $72.00. Today, the average production is 400 to 500 bricks a day. At daily wages of $18.03, which includes six paid holidays a year, this is a cost of 3.6 cents a brick, or $324 for the typical house. It takes 54 hours more of bricklayer labor to lay the 9,000 bricks as compared with pre-war. At the current wage levels this adds $139.00 to the construction cost of the house solely through lower productivity, and is the measure of the reduction in costs that might be effected if labor could be induced to step its production up to the pre-war rate."

Hartwig pointed out that the bricklayer has been used simply as a readily understandable example of the effect of low productivity on ultimate

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production costs. The same condition, he says, is true in varying degrees in practically all trades in small house construction.

Hartwig's analysis is interesting when compared with one made by a Massachusetts builder in 1921, who even then was claiming low productivity. He claimed that it cost him $2.00 a day in 1914 to get his walls done, a cost which had gone up to $20.00 in 1921. In Chicago a building contractor estimated that today's labor cost of laying brick exceeded the cost of brick, labor and contractor's profit in 1939.

★

Lathers and plasterers vie with each other for second place as targets for criticism. Lathers in Chicago, according to the Chicago Metropolitan Home Builders' Association, installed 30 to 35 bundles of lath per day in pre-war times. Productivity has since dropped to a dozen bundles, completed in six hours after which the lathers pack up and go home with a parting "Goodbye suckers" to the other workmen. Earl McMahon, Executive Secretary of the Chicago Building Trades Council, countered with the explanation that the smaller production of the lathers was due to the smaller apartment being built today, which meant that lathers spent considerable time chopping laths to fit the smaller wall dimensions.

Martin C. Huggett, Chicago Home Builders' Secretary, charges that a plastered house was now in the luxury class. "During the process of lathing and plastering," he asserted, "the job goes into a virtual quarantine when no other trades may work. Plasterers persisted on applying three coats of plaster in spite of specifications and a building code which called for two-coat work."

Based upon the number of available workmen and their productivity Huggett reported that in the course of a year it was possible for painters and decorators to complete 73,000 housing units, but only 17,000 of these could be glazed and it would take no less than four years for the glaziers to catch up with one year's production of the painters. Electricians could complete 62,000 units against 17,500 for the lathers and plasterers. The bricklayers' productivity was set by Huggett at 40,000 units—more than double that of the lathers and plasterers, but not much more than half of the production of the painters. The figures showed that the productivity, or lack of it, of the plasterers, lathers and glaziers was holding down the production of the entire home building industry in Chicago to one-fourth of its potential production. Incidentally, in this tabulation, while painters headed the list in productivity, their pre-eminence was based upon manpower available, not on maximum production. Painters had been restricted for years to a 4½-inch brush compared with the Navy painters' 6-inch brush.

Charles L. Cockrell, President of the United Roofing Contractors' Association, an international association with members in the US and Canada, reported to the 60th Annual Convention of his organization that productivity in the application of flat and steep roofing, asphalt and asbestos siding and waterproofing had dropped by 40 percent. On two-flat homes, he asserted, costs had doubled. Mr. Cockrell's group is composed of sub-contractors who in turn were blasted by the construction department of Northwestern University, which canceled its 1947 construction program on the plea of high costs, charging that the real fault lay with sub-contractors who add from 23 percent to 35 percent to the cost of jobs because they don't handle their labor efficiently.

Before the war the Turner Construction Company built three sizable housing projects in Philadelphia, dwarfed only by the war housing they constructed for the Army and Navy. Addressing a housing conference in New York City, J. H. Perry, Vice-President of the Turner Construction Co., stated that "The availability of labor in all trades to meet the tremendous building program is an unknown quantity. With so many of the building trades out of building work and in manufacturing industry during the war years, and with their added age and restrictive working conditions, no one knows how much work for a day's wage can be figured on." This was Perry's reason for the lack of interest of the Turner company in home-building contracts.

Earl McMahon, Chicago Building Trades Council Secretary, in answer to criticism of high labor costs, is fond of exhibiting a certified copy of the labor costs of a home built in 1940 with a $7,500 sale price. The house was a six-room, two-story modern brick home—one that is currently selling for between $9,500 and $12,000. Labor costs totaled $2,119.74 or 28 percent of the sale price, according to McMahon. Ninety-six workers representing 13 different crafts and including 35 common laborers were employed at intervals on the home, the figures showed.

McMahon claims that increases in wages since 1940 have hiked these labor costs by only from 2½ to 5 percent. However, McMahon's own figures can be used to prove the reverse of his conclusions, for while the home on which the costs were analyzed was built in slightly more than four months in 1940, the same home could not be built in less than six months today.

What are the real causes behind the lowering of building labor production? A survey of building trade labor in Chicago reveals that the average age of mechanics is 58, at least 20 years above the pre-war age level. This is also true of all the large cities. Production was un-

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doubtedly lowered in 1946 by the inability of contractors to secure material in adequate quantities when and where they wanted it. This inevitably resulted in labor spreading out the work to avoid unemployment between material deliveries. Since building labor has always regarded construction as a boom and bust industry, there has always been the incentive to spread the boom period over the bust.

Scarcity of certain types of building labor has had an influence upon costs. Inefficient workmen cannot be laid off, for they are likely to be replaced with still more inefficient workmen. Workmen must be kept on the job at any cost, and contractors have vied with each other in providing overtime bonuses to keep men on the job.

C. A. Holmes, Secretary of the Indianapolis General Contractors' Association, puts it this way: "Let us for example say we are building a $12,000 house. Labor and materials on such a home are usually proportioned on a 50-50 basis, but because of overtime pay for Saturday work, we actually are paying for seven days' labor just to keep the men. Consequently we are getting no return on one-sixth of the costs for labor. This figuratively amounts to a one-sixth increase in wages to these workers. In addition we are not getting a full six days of labor, as there is a marked drop in the efficiency of labor by the weekend."

There you have it, the story of building trade labor productivity. The part played by labor restrictions and craft disputes, which also influences production, is another story.

Communications

A NEGRO LOOKS AT THE CHURCH

Arlington, Virginia

TO the Editors: Congratulations on your courage in printing "A Negro Looks at the Church" in your issue just received.

How well do many of us know the utter futility of trying to overcome prejudices of various kinds, when our priests and brothers and nuns are often worse than laypeople in their manifestations of prejudice.

As the writer points out (between the lines) of her article, Catholics should decide whether they mean what they say, or not. If they mean what they say, let us put it into practice; if they do not mean what they say, let us frankly admit that our teachings on these matters are so many words, and not to be put to practical tests.

Let's have more of the same—on prejudice against Jews, against Orientals, too—by priests and brothers and nuns as well as lay people. NORMA E. SOLMAN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Alice Renard's "A Negro Looks at the Church" is a burning challenge not only to the majority-citizens of a democratic country, but to all of us who call ourselves Christians.

We all know, whatever our actions, that the Faith has no room in it for social and racial prejudice, as it leaves no room for political power, for "big business," for religious bigotry. Christ said to His disciples, "My Kingdom is not of this world."

There are many exceptions to the kind of parish that Alice Renard describes. A notable one in this city is the parish of the church of the Paulist Fathers. At the communion rail of the church of St. Paul the Apostle people of all races kneel in Pentecostal equality and the pews are open to white and colored alike. . . .

At the home of a Bahai friend I have been privileged to meet writers, school-teachers, physicians and lawyers from Harlem and have been impressed not only by their learning, but by what is more important, their gentle manners. . . . ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Does Alice Renard imagine that she has helped the Negro cause by her hysterical and most *un*-Catholic article which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL of June 13?

It will serve only to strengthen the prejudice of any already anti-Negro Catholic who may read it. Its effect on Negro sympathizers, like my husband and myself, is to fill us with disgust at its gross exaggeration and with anger at such a scurrilous attack on our beloved nuns and priests. It most certainly does not increase our sympathy for the Negroes.

For thirteen years I lived in Richmond, Virginia, where the Jim Crow law is (or was when I was there) in full force everywhere *except* in the three white Catholic churches. I have been in all of those churches many times to hear Mass, receive Communion, and to make visits. I have seen Negroes at Mass in the Cathedral, sitting wherever they pleased. At St. Paul's and at St. Peter's I have seen Negroes receiving Holy Communion. The same applies to St. Matthew's in Washington, D. C., where I attended Mass during three years. Never have I seen a Negro told to sit elsewhere or to leave. As to being "passed over" at the altar rail during Communion because they *were* Negroes—every Catholic knows that such an unthinkable thing could never happen.

Here in Saratoga, one parish is a comparatively rich one and in the congregation during the summer are many of the "best people." The Negroes of the congregation, in summer as well as in winter, sit wherever they desire. Several of them receive Communion every Sunday. A Negro boy serves low Mass with a white boy and walks in the procession and sits with the other altar boys at High Mass.

In fact during the past twenty-odd years I have been to Catholic churches in eight different cities and towns and I have yet to see anything remotely resembling the treatment of colored people which Alice Renard tries to imply is the rule in the Catholic Church.

I have just re-read her article. It has all the earmarks of the work of an anti-clerical, non-Catholic professional agitator, and I am shocked that the editors would allow

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such a thing to appear in THE COMMONWEAL.

Such an attack should not be allowed to go unanswered, and I hope that it will be answered at once by priests, or by laymen who are thoroughly conversant with the work of the Church in combating race prejudice.

VIOLET BAKER COOK.

Mrs. Cook's letter performs a real service in pointing out that, whatever the failure of most American Catholics to practice full racial justice, the discrimination which Miss Renard experienced personally in the Middle West does not obtain generally—or specifically in the churches in the other parts of the country which Mrs. Cook knows at firsthand. However, the incidents recounted in the articles are authentic and were carefully checked before publication.—THE EDITORS.

FOOD PARCELS

Montclair, N. J.

TO the Editors: The way V. K. Baker would select recipients for overseas packages is much too calculating for me. Why not send aid promptly where men's need is greatest? His carefully graduated scheme, which gives England (because she was our closest companion at arms) top priority, violates the essentially Christian principle, "to each according to his needs." Conditions in England and with most of the other allies whom he would help instead of our former enemies may be uncomfortable now, but in Germany today people are starving. I have just seen a report which states that hundreds of babies (who can hardly be classed as enemies) die before they are born or starve soon after birth. "Some of them get to be six or eight weeks old, covered with sores or boils from hunger." Among the Germans in general "TB, syphilis and neuroses are as common as colds." How could V. K. Baker reject the following plea, "It is a terrible punishment we brought on ourselves but we pray for forgiveness and have only one hope: the charity of the victorious countries"? How can he calmly refer the starving people of former enemy nations to unlikely government help? Mr. Baker says, "You will call this an unchristian attitude." I do.

JANE ANNE EDWARDS.

SANCTIONS AGAINST FRANCO

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: I sharply disagree that Emmet John Hughes's "Sanctions Against Franco" has presented a persuasive argument for intervention in Spain. It seems to this writer that the logic of present events is making this position less tenable than it has ever been. And when Mr. Hughes talks about the "morality" of intervention, he is talking plain nonsense.

The old shop-worn position that we must hate Franco because he is a totalitarian who illegally usurped power and is now suppressing the four freedoms in Spain is becoming more and more difficult to maintain with any semblance of honesty or consistency. One would think to hear Mr. Hughes repeat all that old stuff about Franco

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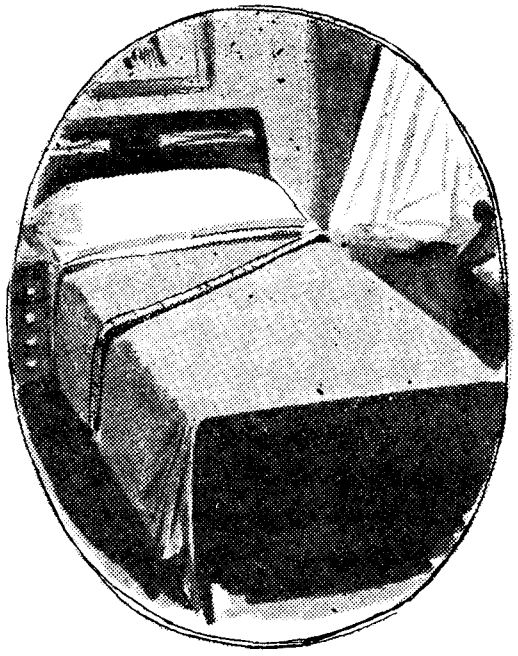

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that morality actually played a determining part in the judgment about the man. In my opinion, that contention is pure bunk.

Mr. Hughes says one way of defining our foreign policy is to do so without reference to "ideological controversy," stating that this would be "cynical" and would "shock and dismay most peoples of the world—and against which the conscience of the American people would rebel." Well, maybe Mr. Hughes is an expert on American and world conscience and understands better than most persons what makes it "tick." So far as I have been able to see conscience has nothing whatever to do with our official position toward Franco or Stalin or Peron or Tito or any other foreign leader.

An amoral self-interest dictates our foreign policy and to try to pretend otherwise would take proof of a kind which I do not believe Mr. Hughes is in a position to present.

Franco is not a democrat nor is he perfect. Well, that description fits quite a few of the other contemporary rulers of our "one world." When our so-called liberals start to get excited about the lack of democracy and perfection in other quarters of the world, one might at least grant the logic of their position and perhaps the genuine nature of their morality. Until then, persons like myself will remain cynical and utterly unconvinced.

Spain under its present leadership has at least order. If we bull our way into this situation, what guarantee have we got that Spain will have either democracy or order? MATTHEW F. BLISS.

The Screen

Choose Your Weapon

PERHAPS more people in Hollywood read "Mein Kampf" than we realize; in any case more and more film makers are taking seriously one of that book's dictums: "The very first essential for success is a perpetually constant and regular employment of violence." This week brings three new films whose main points in common are frequent outbursts of violence and plots designed only for adults.

Because Jean Renoir is such a good director, I am sorry that *"The Woman on the Beach"* is not a better picture. As a whole, it does not add up; but its individual scenes are done in powerful cinema which carries a fascination beyond surface meaning. More an exercise than a well-rounded movie, this is actually a study of three people in their smouldering relationships: the Coast Guard lieutenant (Robert Ryan) stationed at this lonely place while still recovering from battle fatigue; the woman (Joan Bennett), who turns out to be no lady in distress; her blind husband (Charles Bickford), a former artist who refuses to release his wife or sell his paintings to buy the luxury she desires. Renoir has directed his cast well and at least two of the many scenes that quiver with nervous tension rise to a high pitch of excitement: when the suspicious lieutenant tests the husband's blindness by leading him to the edge of a cliff, and later when the two men fight it out in a small boat on a stormy sea. Although arty at times, the picture is by no means pretty as it tells a sexy story of a nymph and two males. Strangely enough, what adds to its realism is its tone of life-like vagueness, achieved mainly through Renoir's direction which keeps the film from being just another triangle cooked up in Hollywood.

The story used in *"The Web"* could also have been made into just a run-of-the-mill thriller. But script-writers William Bowers and Bertram Millhauser have fashioned it into a snappy screenplay with bright (nothing for the kiddies) dialogue; and Director Michael Gordon has steered his capable cast through a lively movie that doesn't have a dull moment until it runs down shortly before the finale. Although several murders sully its plot, this is not a mystery. Wise moviegoers will see through the well-laid plans of the high-powered industrialist (Vincent Price) much faster than does his bodyguard (Edmond O'Brien) who is better at making funny remarks than keeping his own nose out of trouble. Finally, a sagacious police lieutenant (William Bendix wearing horn-rimmed glasses) has to get this brash bodyguard and the tycoon's secretary (Ella Raines) out of the clever trap that their boss set for them. The trick which the police use is a little naive for such a smart and ruthless plotter, but the film has a brand of suspense and intrigue that will keep you on your toes.

"Cheyenne" will keep you guessing too; for it has a who-dun-it angle thrown in as an extra action to a tough and violent "western." I don't think the mystery will make you stay awake nights, but it adds more suspense to a plot full of shooting, riding and fighting. Most of this occurs before some beautiful and rugged Wyoming scenery; and Director Raoul Walsh knows how to hold our interest in a "western" ruckus—with or without puzzles concerning the bandit who leaves a few lines of verse after each stick-up. Dennis Morgan, Bruce Bennett and Arthur Kennedy portray the men whose various degrees of wickedness keep the plot rolling; while Jane Wyman and Janis Paige in modified 1870 costumes help and deter the boys. At times the script strains too hard with double-meaning wisecracks—a cheap device that was entirely unnecessary, for the picture has enough legitimate merits to win audiences. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

CIO Has a Showdown

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, one of the biggest labor stories in the country broke in Washington, but the daily press ignored it. As a matter of fact, several big stories broke. And the only papers, to our knowledge, that gave them any kind of adequate coverage were *The Wage Earner* of Detroit and *The Labor Leader* of New York, both ACTU publications. *Time* also reported a few of the basic facts, although it got one of the names wrong.

What happened was this: for the first time since the CIO was founded in 1935 its executive board was faced

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with a fairly clear-cut issue to test the sympathies of its members on communism. The vote was 27 to 8 against communism. This should have interested all those newspapers that have printed so many, many columns of guesswork year after year about the quantity of Moscow influence in the CIO.

But either their reporters were too stupid to know what was going on, or too prejudiced one way or the other to reveal its true significance, or the papers themselves were unwilling to reveal to the public that the CIO's executive board was, when it came to a showdown, overwhelmingly anti-communist. This seems to us to be an interesting commentary on labor reporting in our daily press.

The test vote came about as follows: last November there was an election in the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, a union of about 90,000 members controlled by the Communist Party. Reid Robinson, the pro-CP president, headed one slate and he was opposed by James J. Leary, the anti-CP secretary-treasurer, and four other minority members of the executive board.

The results were hotly disputed, with a minority of the elections committee maintaining that the Robinson forces had stolen the election. Their evidence looked good. Instead of staying in the Mine Mill union and fighting it out there, however, opposition leaders in the brass plants of Connecticut decided to break away. Others later joined them. The upshot was that nearly a third of Mine Mill membership walked out and was eventually given a home in another CIO union, the Shipbuilding Workers. Obviously the CIO had to do something.

What it did was to appoint a three-man committee: Van Bittner (steel), L. S. Buckmaster (rubber) and Jacob Potofsky (clothing). It was the recommendations of this committee that set off the fireworks at the May meeting of the executive board. These recommendations were:

1. That John Driscoll, leader of the secessionists, be removed as secretary of the Connecticut State CIO.

2. That the Shipbuilders take back the charters given to Mine Mill locals.

3. That Maurice Travis be removed from office in the Mine Mill union on the ground that photostatic copies of letters showed that he was "accepting direction from the Communist Party in conducting the affairs of the union." Travis, elected vice-president in the disputed count, had succeeded Robinson as president when the latter resigned under fire from fellow CP's because his solicitation of a $5,000 loan from an employer in the industry was hurting the CP faction.

4. That CIO administrators take over Mine Mill and run it "for at least six months" and conduct an election when conditions have settled down.

At a superficial glance these recommendations might seem to be even-handed. But any insider will tell you, as one CIO official put it, that the first two recommendations are "a slap on the wrist" as compared with the action advocated in the case of Travis and Mine Mill. What this action meant was that the Communist Party would lose control of one of its biggest unions in America "for at least six months," and very possibly forever.

And so the vote was taken, not cold, but after one of the hottest discussions in CIO board history. It was a standing, not a roll-call, vote. When the "ayes" were called for, 27 members stood up. When the "no's" were called for, eight arose. These were Reid Robinson (still Mine Mill representative on the board); Lewis Alan Berne, representing Lewis Merrill (office workers); Julius Emspak (electrical); Ben Gold (furriers); Nick Jurich (fishermen); Max Perlow, representing Morris Pizer (furniture); Mike Quill (transport), and Joe Selly (communications). Robert Weinstein, representing Abe Flaxer (public workers), did not vote. There are 40 unions in the CIO, of which 13 are under definite CP control, so that it is evident some of the boys were either absent or did not vote.

Or perhaps the heat was just too much for them. After all, during the discussion Phil Murray, CIO president, had said, in reference to Travis and other CP's, "Anyone who takes office, paid office in a union, to render service to workers, and then delivers that service to other, outside interests, is nothing but a damned traitor."

Murray also said this: "If communism is an issue in any of your unions, throw it to hell out and throw its advocates out along with it." And this: "There is no reason why any CIO official should have to apologize for communism. There has been too much of that. It should be stopped."

This was Murray speaking—the same Murray who was largely responsible for the fact that a showdown had never come before; the same Murray who had been buttered up for so long in all CP unions and publications. They had taken a lot from him before and yet, in public at least, had still gone through the motions of love. How much longer they can keep it up is a question.

At any rate the showdown came and the heads were counted. Robinson gave notice that Mine Mill would stand on its rights and refuse to accept the recommendations. Murray gave notice in turn that the CIO convention (in October) would take up the matter and that meanwhile every member of Mine Mill would get a copy of the committee's recommendations.

The next CIO convention, in short, cannot escape still another showdown on the communist issue. No one can say that either Murray or the CIO has refused to face the issue and take a strong stand. The battle-lines are drawn. Anyone who knows what happened at that meeting can scarcely doubt the outcome.

JOHN C. CORT.

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The Sick Mare

T. D. LYONS

"And the look of the bay mare
Drives all the silliness out of me."—WALT WHITMAN.

AT MY father's Big Place, twenty miles southwest of De Smet, when we finished "cutting" with the headers, there was small space allowed for jubilation. On the occasion I remember best, we wound up in an eighty-acre field not far from "the improvements," as farm buildings were then called. I still remember the pleasant click of the sickle as the header ran empty from the field to the machine shed. We no sooner got the horses unhitched from the header and the header boxes than my father said:

"Well, boys, you might as well hook up your teams to the racks and start hauling in barley bundles for stacking in the yard near the shed."

We each got in a big load of bundles of barley before noon. Bundle-stacking had been a great art, especially in the days when all the wheat was cut with the binder. It had deteriorated somewhat since the headers had come in. But Uncle John Rei's "turnip stacks" were still famous. The turnip stack was, of course, merely a bundle stack of wheat bundles—in the present instance made in the shape of a turnip. The diameter of the stack at the bottom was approximately ten feet, and at the "bulge" the diameter was twenty to twenty-two feet. Then the stack was gradually drawn in, in the form of a cone, with the apex thirty feet high. Uncle John's stacks would shed rain like a shingle roof. In one season when an early snow had cut short thrashing operations, one of Uncle John's settings remained unthrashed until the next season in October, and the insides of the bundles were perfectly dry in spite of all the rain and snow-storms, and the grain was absolutely sound. The outer layer of straw had rotted off, but the stacks were in perfect condition. Of course, we did not have a bundle stacker who could cope with Uncle John's masterpieces, but this was not necessary since we thrashed barley and oats almost immediately, and ran the straw into a giant straw-stack in the shed and in the yard, for the livestock to run to in the cold blizzardy days of the ensuing January and February.

Stacking oats and barley bundles was not such a fierce, oppressive labor as was the wheat harvest in which we usually wore out two shifts of horses and one shift of men. Of course, we did not dare to pause for any available moment, since a wind-storm, a rain-storm, or a hail-storm might destroy a whole crop of standing wheat. The oats and barley bundles were well protected in shocks, with caps which would shed moisture, and the stacking was considered a really pleasant interlude.

George Davidson and Steve Archimbault did not take any part in the stacking, but each got out with a gang-plow pulled by five big Percheron horses and started fall plowing. However, their first duties consisted of the plowing of fire-breaks around the settings of the headed wheat, and they complained that they could not turn over the customary seven acres a day which it was the ambition of a good plowman to achieve with the big gang-plow.

My father had had about five hundred bushels of old barley and seven hundred bushels of corn ground and mixed, at the Redstone mill; and in hauling it out for hog-feed, a near tragedy occurred. Very late the night before, the driver of one load got out to the Big Place and since the night was clear he felt that it was safe to defer shoveling off the load into the bin, until the following morning. In some way our prized pet mare, Old Lil, got loose during the night, got to the load, and, of course, after the gluttonous fashion of the horse, over-ate the ground mixture, drank plentifully at the water tank, and to my father's intense anxiety was seen, when we arrived, lying in the yard, badly swollen up. He immediately said:

"We have a very sick mare on our hands, she is badly foundered. It is no use to talk about blame; we have got to try to do something for her."

Old Lil was a Cleveland bay. She stood about fifteen hands high, weighed about fourteen hundred pounds, and was a beautiful, intelligent animal and a wonderful pet. The pedigree of the Cleveland bay went back at least a hundred years, and a famous breeder lived in Dakota and kept a fine stable of mares and stallions. Old Lil had come from this breeder, and was the greatest pet of all our horses. Most of our horses were Norman-Percherons, having the weight and strength of the big Percheron horses, with some of the fire of the Arab cross. We also had some Clydesdale and Shire horses; they were big and powerful, but slightly awkward, and were not so popular as the Percherons. We had only one span of Cleveland bays, Old Lil and her mate, May.

It was impossible to get Old Lil on to her feet. Then my father immediately said that he would have to try to get in touch with Mr. Joe Formanack, who was a very excellent amateur veterinarian. Accordingly, he hitched his Hambletonians to the buckboard and drove at once to Redstone, where he fortunately encountered Mr. Formanack hauling in his last load of wheat to the elevator. Mr. Formanack's place was in the Jim River valley and the harvest had been a week or so earlier there. Mr. Formanack immediately turned over his team to a neighbor and came back with my father, in the buckboard. He immediately pointed out the symptoms of poor sick Lil to my father. He observed that the mare pointed with her nose at her flanks and it showed that she had inflammation. Anybody could see that her barrel was swelled and rigid, and he said, "Her pulse is high, she has a fever." The normal pulse of a horse of her size, according to Mr. Formanack, should have been about 40 to the minute. He wasted little time, however, in diagnosis, and immediately began his treatment for a foundered animal, which he explained in detail. I was detailed to ride Feather, a bronco, into Redstone, and to send word to Mr. Formanack's home in the Jim River valley that he would be absent from five to fourteen days, depending on the course of Old Lil's malady. Mr. Formanack directed me to get two bottles of a special liniment from the Redstone drug store. This was a liniment which had been prepared by a famous French veterinarian who was a high medical director to the stud of the French imperial cavalry, under Napoleon the Third. It was a very expensive liniment, and I still recall its pungent odor. It evidently had a strong mixture of chloroform and ether. My father had already returned to Redstone, and when I went with him to Doc Ferris's drug store, we were greatly disappointed to hear that he was just out of the liniment. My father had already sent four quarts of linseed-oil from the drug store to the Big Place for Mr.

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Formanack's use as a drench for the sick animal. However, Mr. Formanack's treatment of a horse that had been foundered involved the rubbing of the flanks and abdomen, every hour, with this powerful liniment to stimulate the circulation, overcome the rigidity, and reduce the swelling and inflammation.

He had arranged to have blankets swung with a segment of threshing machine seperator-belt, from the ceiling of a big box stall in the stable, so that the mare could be raised, since she had become so sick that she wanted to lie on one side without moving. He had also fixed up some straw and a blanket and practically lived in the adjoining stall himself, sleeping there at night, drinking hot coffee brought out every two hours for him, with a gallon of warm gruel for the mare.

Since his principal treatment consisted of the rubbing with the powerful liniment, the druggist's announcement that he was out of this medicament was a harsh blow to my father. Of course, in those days we had no long-distance telephones, but we did have the telegraph, and my father got word by telegraph to the county seat to send a special messenger on horseback to a junction crossing of the Northwestern Railway and to deliver the package, personally, to the conductor, an old friend of my father's, who would take charge of it and give it to him at the station platform at Redstone.

We were at the station platform at six in the morning, awaiting the north-bound Northwestern train, and after a wait of two hours, the depot agent advised us that there had been a freight train wreck at Hawarden and that the passenger had just passed that point and should arrive at Redstone, about ten or ten-thirty that night. However it was eleven when the train came in; and sure enough, the conductor had the package of liniment for my father, knew all about the sickness of Old Lil, and inquired as solicitously for her condition as if she had been a member of the family. My father, however, in his impatience to get the medicine out to Mr. Formanack, wasted very little time. He broke open the package, made two bundles of it, which I tied around Feather's neck, and started off for the Big Place. My father cautioned me, as I was leaving, to ride slowly, since riding at a gallop might produce a crash that would smash the four bottles of liniment which had been procured at a total cost of twenty-five dollars. Accordingly, I did not ride faster than at a hand-gallop. I did not get away from Redstone until after eleven o'clock, and rode the five miles to the Big Place, very carefully and deliberately.

Soon after I rode out of Redstone, the moon began to rise and was silhouetted against a big feed barn which was on my route. I could observe the size of the moon as compared with the big barn—a matter of great interest to a boy who had frequently heard the lumberjacks from the north woods who came to work as harvest hands debate in all seriousness as to whether the moon was bigger or smaller than the side of the big barn. It was plain to me, that the moon was bigger. The sky was absolutely clear; the radiance of the moon was so vivid that it obscured the starlight, and I recalled hearing it said that a newspaper could be read by this vivid moonlight; however, I never tested it. In one field the wheat settings had been threshed and the brilliant moonlight glistening on the irregular contour of the sprawling yellow straw pile made an impression I have never forgotten. Since then I have read that a poet said such moonlight seemed to be radiance splashed from a brimming golden bowl, and when I read that, I recalled the solemn eerie yellow glow reflected from the golden straw stack against which the black-plowed, fire-break shone dully. The road itself was a winding black gash on the prairie, and I rode by empty deserted buildings now utilized only for granaries, until I finally crossed Rock Creek and came to the millet field where the crop had been cut and raked up into windrows. Then I turned in at the east gate and rode past five acres of sunflowers that stood twelve to fourteen feet high, that in the sunlight, shone with gloriously burnished petals, but now had a discouraged, desolate droop. I finally got up to the water tank where George Davidson was waiting. He always claimed he could hear a horse-tread a mile away, and he certainly heard Feather and me coming eighty rods away.

He immediately untied the liniment from Feather's neck and I dismounted, unsaddled, and turned the pony loose to drink and to browse. Someone was just bringing coffee and gruel out to Mr. Formanack, but he waved that away and enlisted George Davidson and myself, at once, as male nurses, to help administer the liniment application, which was done thoroughly. I stayed in the stall with him all night, and was very reluctantly awakened every two hours, to assist in further treatments. When my father got out to the Big Place at seven the next morning, Mr. Formanack, who apparently had a gift of getting along without sleep, stated that his patient was on the mend and in another day would be out of danger. George Davidson said that my father and Joe Formanack made a good pair; that when there was any hard work or any crisis on, both of them seemed to get along without any sleep, and they seemed to "hate anybody that needed sleep."

By the next day, after many applications of the imperial French liniment, Old Lil was standing alone; she looked weak, thin and haggard. I had never had any notion before that her head was so bony, but she was, anyway, able to drink gruel; and the following morning, she walked out uncertainly to the water tank and took a drink. She was, of course, not fit to work again that fall. Mr. Formanack then pronounced his patient practically well. His verdict might have seemed a little harsh and crude to a ladies' sewing circle, but after all it was medical language. He said, "This horse is about well"; said the mare's temperature was normal again and "her droppings have the normal smell of horse dung, which is not at all an unpleasant smell, merely a pungent odor of ammonia. When she was really sick though, they smelled more like a hog's or a human's; and I don't have to explain that. But she's about all right again, and I have only to say that I would far rather nurse a sick horse than a sick hog or a sick human, any day of the year."

Books of the Week

British Thought 1947. *Gresham.* $3.75.

THIS IS AN odd medley, with an odder title. It comprises some forty pieces of British writing in 1946 (title notwithstanding). Most of them are essays. Some are book reviews. One or two are verse. At least one is utterly nondescript. Possibly for want of another criterion, they start with "A for Aeronautics" and run

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somewhat haphazardly through the alphabet to "T for Travel." On the way they stop at Classical Studies, International Affairs, Occultism and Sociology, but not long enough at religion or nuclear physics to do more than pass the time of day.

A few of the essays have a direct connection with "thought," as that term is generally understood. Unexpectedly, the most stimulating of these is "The Challenge of the Spaceship," by Arthur C. Clarke, who has seen moral as well as physical implications in rocket experiments. A number more have a marginal connection with "thought"; Kingsley Martin's "Britain and Russia" is typical. Others, such as Julian Huxley's "Species and Evolution," belong in technical anthologies. Finally, one or two pieces are fantastically irrelevant. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's "Some Notes on Vipers," for example, is a delightful and fascinating study, but about as closely related to "British Thought" as would be "A Short Treatise on the Preparation of Yorkshire Pudding."

The writing is as varied as the subject matter. Bernard Shaw is almost as good as usual on nineteenth century drama. Spike Hughes is vigorous and amusing on "Popular Taste in Music." If you like whimsy, Harold Nicolson has a nice piece about his sixtieth birthday. But too much of the writing is rather old and rather tired journalism.

It is natural enough that much British thought and writing in 1946 should have appeared tired. Many British thinkers and writers had just gotten over six years of war and had not yet gotten over the year of peace. There were, however, and there are, young and energetic minds in post-war Britain. The trouble is that their work does not appear here. Among the great majority of the writers represented in this book, the very youngest are my own contemporaries. It is to the generation after them, and not to us of that older generation which failed to prevent the Second World War, that we should give the kingdom and the power and, above all, the glory.

W. H. HINDLE.

Reveries of An Outdoor Man. Bill Wolf. Putnam. $3.00.

TWO OBJECTIONS are commonly brought against "sporting books." When devoted hunters and fishermen write about their hobbies they are likely to reveal a kind of morbid blood-lust that can only disgust or dismay readers whose exile from the spirit of Eden has not taken that particular form. Second, sporting books are likely to be written in a peculiar jargon nearly impenetrable; for the language of guns and trout-flies is more strange and special than the language of theology.

It is a pleasure to find that Bill Wolf's book of outdoor reveries is not barred from general enjoyment by either of these faults. Amiable and unpretentious, it is a recollecting of many a wasted day in the pursuit of beasts, birds and fish; but with an awareness always of a rather larger pursuit wherein hunting and fishing are only means to an end: the pursuit of happiness, and, to some degree, the pursuit of understanding. Bill Wolf knows a formidable lot about the technicalities of hunting and fishing, but he does not burden the reader with it. It is barely necessary to know an eel-bob from a center-fire cartridge to participate in Bill Wolf's happy recollections of his adventures outdoors, and to catch the excitement of them.

Sporting men do not often ask themselves *why* they are so constantly lured outdoors: what reward makes worth while the endurance of all the mosquitos, storms, frozen fingers and the rest? Bill Wolf does ask himself that question, and thoughtfully answers it, in one of the best chapters in his book. He believes that outdoorsmen really live, whether they are articulate about it or not, for certain magical moments that come to them . . . moments of "sudden faint glimpses into understanding," moments when a man has "a sense of being on the verge of discovering a reason for everything." It is this kind of awareness, plus the absence of exaggerated blood-lust and over-technicality, that makes these modestly written reveries an attractive outdoor book.

ALAN DEVOE.

The Red Prussian. The Life and Legend of Karl Marx. Leopold Schwarzschild. Scribners. $4.00.

KARL MARX was a very unattractive character. He was over-conscious of his intellectual superiority. He indulged in intrigues, often full of pettiness, and used any means against adversaries and personal competitors. His manner of living and his private judgments about workers provided plentiful material for satirical descriptions.

Schwarzschild's attitude towards Marx is rather similar to Marx's own attitude towards his enemies. Marx is pictured in the darkest colors (only his family life appears, in casual remarks, as a bright spot). It is surprising that this book which is, as the editor claims, "exhaustively documented," and "the work of years of research," does not contain any new facts and interpretations. A comparison with the Marx biography of B. Nikolayevsky and O. Maennchen-Helfen (1936) reveals that fact. Another strange feature is Schwarzschild's claim that the complete edition of the Marx-Engels's correspondence by the Marx Institute of Moscow attracted "practically no attention"; these four volumes served, for instance, as the source for Nomad's sketch of Marx in "Apostles of Revolution."

Marx's prosecutor Schwarzschild goes too far in his attacks against the defendant. Marx the student is pictured as a lazy coffee house intellectual. It is noted with condescension that it was not until quite late that Marx started to read the kind of books on economics which a freshman studies in his first semester. All the dark sides of the character and behavior of Marx's adversaries are omitted, or at least they are not emphasized. How easy it would be to write devastating books about the vain Lassalle, whom Schwarzschild compares with Jesus Christ, or about Bakunin's (strange mixture of a criminal and revolutionary), confession to Nicholas I and his relations to Nechaiev. There are many omissions of important facts. The trial which started Marx on the way to socialism during his editorship of the *Rheinische Zeitung* is not mentioned. The theses of Feuerbach—so crucial for the development of young Marx—are not discussed. The sentences which introduce the remarks on Hegel are characteristic of the intellectual level of the book; they are to this effect: "Philosophy is a mysterious thing. Of all sciences, it is the most glaringly fruitless. . . ."

The criticism of the economic and sociological theories of Marx does not explain how this dogmatic utopian, who can be so easily refuted, could exercise such a tremendous influence: "If a name had to be found for the age in

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which we live, we might safely call it the Marxian Era." It is interesting to compare Schwarzschild's dismissal of Marx with those of quite a different type of non-Marxian economist—Schumpeter, whose "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy" includes many refutations of Marx's fundamental concepts and theories, but also recognizes his importance: "As an economic theorist, Marx was first a very learned man," writes Schumpeter, and he discusses carefully Marx's relations with classical economists, whereas only once does Schwarzschild quote Ricardo, without whom Marxian economics are unintelligible, and he does not discuss Ricardo's theories. Schwarzschild easily dismisses Marx as a utopian doctrinaire who, without any sense of history, again and again overrated momentary crises and depressions. Schumpeter notes at the end of a chapter which is highly critical of Marx's fundamental views: "Marx was the first economist of top rank to see and to teach systematically how economic theory may be turned into historical analysis. . . ."

An ostentatious display of footnotes does not cover up the superficial and sensational character of Schwarzschild's attempted biography. The title, "The Red Prussian," is typical of the whole approach. Marx is a Prussian because he is dictatorial; he is even worse, a red Prussian, who dismisses the ten commandments. No attempt is made to develop this impressionistic observation, which is obviously destined to mobilize two emotional appeals against Marx. Schwarzschild has not the necessary historical, philosophical, economic, and sociological knowledge to write an authoritative book on the author of "Das Kapital." Apparently he felt the urge to exploit a trend, but his easy style cannot make good the absence of real study. After all, even erroneous thoughts must be studied before they are condemned. What is the meaning and use of opposing Marxian hagiography by an anti-Marx literature of the same quality?

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

I've Shed My Tears. D. F. Karaka. Appleton. $3.00.

NOW THAT "Victory to Mother India" (Hind Mata ki jai) is imminent, the general American reader will find this book a handy review of the renaissance of the sub-continent. The impact created by new ideas which have swept India has truly produced a potent people's movement for freedom. The author, D. F. Karaka, is a Parsi, a member of a "super Aryan" race which came to India some twelve hundred years ago but which now considers itself "Indians in every sense of the word." The urbane Karaka, first Indian ever to be President of the Oxford Union, would make a good sample of what Professor Northrop hopes will come from *The Meeting of East and West.* Since 1938, a member of the staff of the Bombay *Chronicle,* he has covered Asia, Europe, and the United States on wartime assignments for his paper.

The chief topics covered include a most sympathetic account of the rise of Gandhi (whom the author reveres), and his "non-violent, non-cooperation movement"; the Amritsar Massacre; a penetrating critique of the Congress Party; the coming of the war and India's part in it; the famous "Quit India" resolution of August, 1942; the terrible Bengal famine of 1943, which is graphically described; an objective and really splendid sketch of the new power of the All India Moslem League; and a good description of the place of women in India today. Among the numerous searching profiles, besides Gandhi, one finds Nehru, Patel, Jinnah, Narayan, "C. R.," Azad, Caffar Khan, the late Rabindranath Tagore, and many not so well known outside of India.

Despite his frequent caustic and cynical lapses, Karaka has done a first-rate piece of work. This reviewer feels, however, that Jawaharlal Nehru was accorded a somewhat cavalier treatment. In the light of the Pandit's recent great personal success at the first Inter-Asian Conference held in New Delhi in April, one feels strongly that here is India's real leader. The Conference certainly demonstrated his leadership among Asiatics from all over the Orient.

THOMAS H. D. MAHONEY.

Thomas Edward Shields. Biologist, Psychologist, Educator. Justine Ward. Scribners. $3.50.

IT IS GOOD to see this admirable biography of Father Shields, because he was the kind of selfless man whose labors his successors are all too likely to ignore, and the world to forget. Yet as he comes to life again in Mrs. Ward's pages, one cannot but feel that the Catholic University at Washington, with which most of his life was associated, though it no doubt has had a few more brilliant professors, and a few others more learned than Thomas Shields, has never had one who was a greater man.

To me the story of his early life is very moving. Of an Irish-Catholic family from Minnesota, from about the age of nine until he was sixteen he sank into what seemed hopeless stupidity. He had forgotten how to read and could no longer write his name and, because of his sensitiveness, might have degenerated to complete idiocy had it not been for his clinging all through those dark years to his religion. Then he began to find himself, and in the hands of a really competent teacher, he showed not merely great intelligence but a capacity for astonishingly rapid work. He became a priest, and then, sent by the understanding Archbishop Ireland to Johns Hopkins University, obtained a doctorate with biology as his major and, on the strength of this, an appointment to the Catholic University.

There he gradually shifted from the teaching of biology to the formation of teachers, utilizing his scientific knowledge as well as his own youthful experience to develop a new generation of Sisters in the parochial schools. For it was due to him that the Catholic Sisters College was founded, that the Catholic University summer school began its fruitful work, and that a revolutionary series of text-books was published (he himself setting up a publishing house for this very purpose) and the *Catholic Educational Review* established. All these enterprises were carried out by him virtually single-handed and on a shoestring. Yet he met bitter opposition in many quarters, especially because of his central notion that the catechetical method—if merely used for the memorizing of definitions in the hope that somehow at some future date the meaning would dawn on the child's mind—was utterly unrelated to the child's psychology.

Mrs. Ward, who is herself a very remarkable teacher, was closely associated with Father Shields and so is well-equipped for the writing of this fully documented account of a life of dogged heroism; and Monsignor McCormick, the Rector of the Catholic University and a former student of Father Shields, contributes an introduction.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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What about Judgment Day? When our Lord will say: "What you have done to My least Brethren you have done it to Me!" How glad then you'll be for the Kits which you gave. For an offering of $30 you can send one to a missionary. Address. The Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

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The Foreign Exchange Problem

READERS in Europe cannot send money out of their respective countries. COMMONWEAL subscriptions paid for by American readers are doubly welcome to friends and relatives abroad ($7 a year, $3.50 six months).

Ibsen. Brian W. Downs. Cambridge. $3.25.

WHAT CAN you do with a well-educated author on Ibsen with a vast knowledge of Scandinavia who never once can get himself to refer to Catholics except by calling them "papists?" With a straight face. In 1947. Not jokingly, but as earnest as Kierkegaard.

But don't let this scare you. The book is not bad. A bit plodding, humorless and rambling, but it keeps its promise to give Ibsen's intellectual background. The whole ground is covered, all is taken in, down to concise and clear statement of Kierkegaard's standpoint at his three moral spheres: the aesthetic, ethical and religious spheres; of his stern conception of Christian as undilutedly Christ-like; of his deep contempt for clergy and his almost pelagian conception of the free will.

But this is beside the point. The book merits the attention of all who want to take a flying trip through the intellectual world of nineteenth-century Europe. The "papist" Sigrid Undset even may receive a new background light from here. H. A. REINHOLD.

Report from Spain. Emmet John Hughes. Holt. $3.00.

IT IS cold consolation, but when a man is unable to convince his peers of the rightness of an opinion he holds for solid reasons and believes from the depths of his heart, he can appeal to the verdict of history. That was about all THE COMMONWEAL was able to do after issuing its statement on "Civil War in Spain and the United States" exactly nine years ago. As I recall it now, our only companions at arms in the whole American Catholic Press—the only ones, that is, who expressed serious doubts as to the aims and methods of General Franco—were the *Catholic Worker,* the Chicago *New World* (as it was *then* edited) and quite possibly *Orate Fratres* and Dom Virgil Michel.

Moreover, within a year after issuing a statement which had the temerity to include criticism of the Franco cause that was mild in the light of what we know now, THE COMMONWEAL lost nearly one-quarter of its subscribers. We are still awaiting the verdict of history and do not expect it in definitive form for at least another decade. But meanwhile the substantiating evidence is piling up. To cap it all is the current volume by Emmet John Hughes who, for a man still in the very midst of heatedly controverted events, has come as close to producing a history as possible.

Americans have been pretty strongly convinced that the Falange Party—as they too easily assumed of its Italian and German prototypes—is simply reactionary. To leftists of all sorts I warmly recommend the second chapter of "Report from Spain" and the richly informative account of the founders of the Falange, the party's genuinely revolutionary social program and the nature of its early following. They will find that things are not quite so simple.

For the sizable number of American Catholics who were once and for all ranged on the side of the Caudillo by the Spanish bishops' letter of 1937 Mr. Hughes's chapter on the decline of the Church in Spain can serve as a real corrective. For a Catholic historian this is a delicate matter and Mr. Hughes handles it conscientiously in line with the modern historical tradition of Pastor's fact-facing "Lives of the Popes." In fact these two chapters on the rôles of the Church and the Falange as pillars of the Franco régime almost place Mr. Hughes in the

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same category as the unexcelled D. A. Binchy, author of "Church and State in Fascist Italy."

I should also like to single out several scattered items from the author's masterly "Report." The first is a quote: "Perhaps the atrocities of the Spanish State's security police are more melodramatic and shocking than the lies of its propagandists. Perhaps to crush a prisoner's skull with a club in a single murderous moment is a crime more reprehensible than to spend years striving to warp the mind inside. But I doubt it." Secondly is his insistence on aiming reform at the totalitarian, prison-ridden Spain of 1947 rather than on seeking to overturn the Franco victory of 1939. Finally, there is Mr. Hughes's eloquent seven-point answer to doubts as to whether the American people should "fret or fight over the political future of Spain."

However, it is where Mr. Hughes steps out of his rôle of forthright historian and assumes that of agitator, that I find most difficulty in following him. He has an arsenal of facts; he wants to avoid another civil war; his objective is the well-being of the whole Spanish people. Yet in view of the larger situation I find it difficult to believe that this is exactly the moment for intervention in Spain.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

An Autobiography—Anthony Trollope. Introduction by Bradford A. Booth. University of California. $3.75.

PROFESSIONAL writers who have missed this autobiography of three-quarters of a century ago should be grateful to the University of California Press for bringing it out in this country. Much of it has to do with Trollope's dealings with book and magazine publishers and shows how he worked himself up to the 2,800 pounds which the *Cornhill* magazine paid him for "The Claverings," which "was paid in a single cheque." Trollope also goes to some length explaining how he managed to turn out his sizable quota of words day after day, all the while occupying a regular job at the Post Office. Finally, it includes the author's comments on his most celebrated contemporaries, his wholehearted admiration for Thackeray and his lesser inclinations toward George Eliot, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton and the rest. In short, this outpsoken volume is a little gold mine for anyone with an interest in the period.

The Three Ages of the Interior Life. Garrigou-Lagrange. Translated by Sister M. Timothea Doyle, O.P. Herder. $5.00.

WE MUST be grateful to Herder for publishing the excellent translation by a Dominican nun of Garrigou-Lagrange's great work on the Interior Life. That a teacher of theology should round out the summa of his career by such a noble treatise of such practical value to souls makes his professorial success only the more patent. If we were enlightened by his dogmatic treatises, here we are inspired to embody that wisdom in our lives. Moreover, such a work is not only for the learned, but reaches down even to the simple; it is valuable for the priest, the religious, and the laity.

In fact, the thesis of the author is precisely that: that the mystical life is in the normal line of Christian development—a thesis as wide as the scope of Christ's redemptive activity itself. Just as every soul has an obediential capacity with reference to God and His revelation, so every redeemed soul has the capacity, albeit latent, to receive

★ ★

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an infused contemplation of the mysteries of faith, and this capacity is in the normal way of sanctity. Such was the teaching of many of the Fathers until the end of the 18th century; until the mystical treatises of Scaramelli in 1751. The latter, however, considered the gift of contemplation as not only extrinsically but intrinsically extraordinary, as a free gift of God, something no effort or preparation of ours can attain for us. Garrigou-Lagrange argues with convincing force that the life of grace is the necessary prelude to the life of glory, that the life of grace is ordained to the disposition to receive the light of glory immediately, and that this ready disposition implies the capacity to receive an actual divine illumination and attraction, i.e., infused contemplation. All Christians are thus ordained to the mystical union, which is the normal prelude to the life of eternity. As yet no official pronouncement has been made by the Church as to the universality of the mystical vocation. That the door be open to all is perhaps a danger leading to false mysticism; on the other hand, it is an encouragement to souls to put themselves in the way of receiving whatever God may grant them in the way of mystical experience.

Our author discusses fully the sources of the interior life and its end. Thus he gives us a very full chapter on the spiritual organism—the virtues and the gifts and the graces, going on to discuss the Holy Trinity within man, the influence of Our Lady, the Mystical Body, Merit, Christian Perfection, Heroic Virtue, the Counsels, and the Three Ages of the Spiritual Life. The second part of the book has to do with the purification of the soul in beginners, and here we have a full compendium of ascesis treating of the active purification of the senses, the imagination and the memory, and of the intellect and the will. The various means to this purification are not only negative but positive; therefore we are treated to discussions of such powerful means as the Sacraments, Holy Communion, Liturgical Prayer, Mental Prayer, and Petition. There are two excellent chapters on spiritual sloth and retarded souls. One leaves the book with a sense of having scaled the heights and of having come again to rest in the demanding sights and sounds of this vale of tears, with a promise, in the second volume, that one will be taken up into the higher realms of illumination and union.

RICHARD FLOWER.

CONTRIBUTORS

James McCAWLEY, who was at one time connected with the Catholic Socialist Movement in the British Isles, is now a member of the Construction Industry Advisory Council.

T. D. LYONS, who in this issue contributes his latest reminiscences of the Big Place in the Dakotas at the turn of the century, is practicing law in Oklahoma City.

W. H. HINDLE has served in the editorial department of Henry Holt and is a contributor to a number of American and British publications.

Alan DEVOE contributes nature sketches to a number of American periodicals. He is also the author of several books.

Waldemar GURIAN is the author of "Bolshevism: Theory and Practice," an editor of *The Review of Politics*, and he will lecture this summer at the University of Notre Dame and the University of Minnesota.

Thomas H. D. MAHONEY is president of the Catholic Association for International Peace. He is on the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and will also serve as a visiting lecturer this fall at Wellesley College.

Theodore MAYNARD, poet, biographer and critic, is the author of "The Story of American Catholicism" and biographical volumes on Saint Philip Neri and Saint Vincent de Paul.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD, editor of "The Soul Afire," is one of the founders of the Apostolate of the Sea, a leader in the American liturgical movement and pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Sunnyside, Wash.

Rev. Richard FLOWER, O.S.B., is a member of the community of St. Gregory's Priory, and teaches at the Portsmouth Priory School in Rhode Island.

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